THE DEMOCRAT

CELINA . . . OHIO.

FEMININE HIGH FLIERS.

When the heavier-than-air flying machine was proved to be a mechanical possibility it was predicted that aviation would soon become a fad similar to that of automobiling or, in the earlier days, bicycling. Despite recent mishaps in the air which have cost the lives of several experimenters, this forecast seems likely to be verified. Already factories are turning out airplanes to order both in this country and abroad, and soon it will be possible for anyone who fancies an aerial career to equip himself with an up-to-date machine of any one of half a dozen or more types. Indeed, there are now at work several thousand skilled artisans making airplanes for public use, and in all probability next season will see an airplane owned privately in every large city, while possibly the town that does not possess a sky pilot among its followers of venturesome sport will feel outclassed and distanced in the race of progress. It has just been announced that three French monoplanes are now on their way across the Atlantic, having been manufactured especially for the American feminine market. They are in every respect the most ladylike machines that have been turned out thus far, and it is the hope of the French manufacturers that after they have been demonstrated by a trio of exceedingly attractive Parisiennes there will be almost a competition for their ownership, and the American market for these machines will have been established.

Some one over in England has discovered a lot of records which go to show that if certain things had been said and done by the government "when George the Third was king" there would have been no revolution in America and what is now the United States might still be a British dependency. Perhaps so. But some things also happened on this side of the ocean which had an effect on history. There was the Declaration of Independence, the pre-eminent military ability and statecraft of George Washington, a few battles and American victories, such as those at Bennington, Saratoga, Trenton and Yorktown, and several other occurrences that had a bearing on the case. And American patriotism and determination against overwhelming odds had a little something to do with the outcome.

Texas continues to raise some things which are very much to her credit and advantage. Among them are big crops. This year the Lone Star state will distinguish herself especially by the corn yield. The latest estimate by the Texas agricultural bureau is 210,000,000 bushels, against 122,500,000 bushels last year and 201,000,000 bushels in 1908, the latter being an exceptional output. The agricultural resources of Texas are enormous, and the grain harvest is but one part of the business. The state is beating Bermuda in early onion growing, raises some of the best and earliest potatoes in the market and supplies other vegetables. In fact, it is doing its part in showing that the natural resources of the United States are far from exhaustion.

Capt. Ivan de Kavousky of the Russian army, who is now on his way to Rotterdam, was busy every hour of the time he spent in New York. While in this country he purchased five motor boats for the use of the Russian navy and also placed an order for a nickel-plated motor boat to be presented to the czarewitch by the officers of the Russian volunteer fleet. The captain said that the Russian government considers small boats of American manufacture the best and speediest in the world. It is not alone in this view. Wasn't it to American builders that the German kaiser entrusted the construction of his yacht?

As yet the "hobble" skirt is known to most people only through description and pictures. That it may never be better known is the petition of the sane. Mere foolishness often has found expression in odd raiment, but imbecility has but seldom taken material form as a fashion. That a woman who hobbles her limbs with one of these absurdities has had first to hobble her intelligence is certain. Every woman owes to herself such a dress as in a mouse emergency will permit her to mount a chair.

After riding all night in a taxicab a man paid the chauffeur two dollars and then tipped him five cents. Such hypertrophied nerve should be in better business, such as, for instance, selling de luxe editions of dead and defenseless authors.

By screaming louder than her competitors a Chicago woman the other day won a money prize in a shriek contest. Perhaps she saw a mouse at the psychological moment.

Minneapolis policemen have been authorized to spank park mashers. If necessary the officers may first club the mashers so that they will submit to the spanking. We suspect that mashers are not wanted in Minneapolis parks.

The horrifying discovery is made that ladies wearing hobble skirts cannot waltz or two-step successfully. However, the new garb does not interfere with bridge whist.

THE PRICE WE PAY TO CONQUER THE AIR

YOU are a thousand feet in the air. Your engine is working evenly and your seasoned propellers are beating the air with an even roar that half deafens you. The wind of the open spaces sings in your ears. The wide wings are lifting you steadily higher and higher in great sweeping circles as you climb the air ladder toward the zenith. The world lies spread out beneath you like a colored map. You feel as free as the birds of the air; you long to measure your speed with the eagles.

Suddenly there is a crashing explosion behind and beneath you, and the wide and steady planes seem to crumple up like a sick crow's wings. The earth seems to leap up to meet you, and the rushing gale of air seems to tear the breath from your lungs. Your senses reel as the tremendous pull of gravity hurls you and your broken machine and coughing engine to the earth. Earth and sky seem to run together in an awful burst of flame, and blackness and blessed oblivion blot out the clouds and the good green earth for you forever.

It must be in some such manner that the aviator dies. There is but little evidence of the feelings that riot through the human brain when dropped from the clouds to the earth beneath. Few men survive a fall of any height, in spite of the number who are meeting with accidents in their efforts to master the air. In spite of the danger, which is admittedly great, the craze for the aeroplane and the sport of aviation is steadily growing. Yet ten years ago the heavier-than-air flyers were mere chimeras of a scientific brain.

On the seventeenth day of December, 1903, a thin-faced man hurled himself out into the air from a sandy hillside down in North Carolina. The first of the wind riders in the world's history made a long, gliding flight in a biplane on the hill slope near Kitty Hawk. Wilbur Wright was the first of the bird men to rise superior to the air. Five years later the brother of the first man to fly was trying out a new and powerful aeroplane under the direction of the officers of the United States army. On a September afternoon the strange new machine rose in full flight, carrying Lieutenant Selfridge as a passenger. Orville Wright was at the steering wheel. A guy wire was snapped by a whirling propeller, the great wings crumpled up, the mass of debris shot to the earth, and Selfridge, the first of a long line of martyrs to aviation, was dead at Fort Meyer.

Since that September afternoon, less than two years ago, 23 men have given up their lives to conquer the elastic and yet stable element—the air. Within one week this summer eight aviators and dirigible balloonists have been killed. Some notable things have been accomplished by the earnest students and the more foolhardy of the new school of exhibition flyers, but the price of success and mastery has been over a score of lives. Some of the men still in the game of flight have been dangerously injured time after time. Several of the nations of the world are beginning to wake up to the danger of inexperienced and irresponsible persons making flights. Austria has passed laws regulating attempts of her citizens to conquer the air. Russia has put the ban on the owning of machines by irresponsible persons, but it is generally understood that this is because of her fear of the new distance annihilators in the hands of nihilists and the radical reds.

In the United States a few folk are beginning to wonder how long it will be until something has to be done to stop the growing death roll among pioneers of the air. Aviators and aviation were openly condemned a few days ago by an influential journal of Cleveland, Ohio.

"To Those Who Exalt Themselves," the article was headed, and the following reactionary ideas were expressed: "The craze for dirigible balloons and airships should be legally restricted. It is unthinkable that the Creator intended that man should inhabit the air or fly like the birds. He would have furnished him with wings. The numerous deaths that have occurred from attempts to fly should warn man that his habitation and home is the earth."

But in spite of warnings, published and spoken, the craze for aviation remains unchecked. A thousand inventors are working in their shops, firm in the belief that they are in sight of the final secret that will wrest the mastery of the upper air spaces from the birds and place it in the hands of "wing riders." The blue vault of heaven is fretted by thousands of roaring propellers and shifting planes. "The bird men" are dreaming dreams of cross-continent flights. The more imaginative of them catch glimpses of visions of transatlantic trips, faster than the flight of the frigate bird.

It may happen the hour of trial comes in the very midst of an apparent success. Engines may be working perfectly and with even beat. The roar of the spinning propellers may be droning a song of confidence and security. Then something snaps; a guy wire parts like a stretched fiddle string, the roar of the engine breaks and sputters, or the big planes crumple because of some unguessed weakness. Then comes that terrible rush of air as the machine, engine, rent planes and tangle of bent and broken framework bears the aviator to a terrible death.

When wireless telegraphy was invented it was but a year or so until the country was filled with amateurs, all busily working on new theories of transferring messages. As soon as the Wrights, Farman, Blériot, Paulhan and Curtiss and others had demonstrated that a heavier-than-air machine could actually remain in the air, in a thousand barns, warehouses and back-yard woodsheds all over the civilized world men and boys began to try to build for themselves machines in which to spurn the solid earth. Hysterically, the science of aviation has been taken up, and with a few more improvements the death roll will grow to even greater proportions. So far most of the men who have met death have been veteran aviators. Delagrange, Le Blon, Ferber, Lefebvre and Rolls were all well-known and internationally famous in the air fields. But the moment came that found them helpless despite their skill.

With the multiplying of factories where the cheap fliers can be constructed will come a rush of amateurs into the ranks of the aviators. More deaths are bound to follow when these would-be man birds have bought for themselves machines and start in to perfect themselves in the art of flight. The list of deaths is bound to grow as soon as the means of flight is brought within reach of the average purse. A shower of would-be aviators from the clouds to the "too solid earth" will further demonstrate that the mastery of the air must be bought with human life.

An analysis of the accidents of the past two years shows that death comes in a dozen shapes to the daring aviator. The aeroplane is a pitifully new thing, and even the veterans of the air are not always able to detect in their machines the lurking weaknesses. The first of the aeroplane accidents that resulted fatally was caused by the guy wire of one of the planes being placed too near the propeller blades. Selfridge died in this accident and Orville Wright was terribly injured. It was months before he again took up the problem of aerial flights.

It was a year later before death took his toll again from the ranks of the air workers. On the seventh of September, 1909, two men, the foremost aviators in their respective countries, met their deaths. Rossi was engaged in testing a machine of his own invention near Rome, and after a few short and successful flights at a low altitude he tilted his planes upward at a considerable angle and shot into the air for an ambitious trial. He had barely reached a height of 60 feet till some of the intricate machinery gave way and he was dashed to death. M. Lefebvre, a well-known aeronaut of France, was killed on the same day while soaring above Juvissy in a Wright biplane. Two weeks later the pride of the Frenchmen in aeronautics, Capt. Louis Ferdinand Ferber, a pioneer in the art of flying, was killed in a peculiar accident, one of the many unexplainable ones that mark the chronology of flight. He was soaring over a field near Boulogne, when his machine "turned turtle" in the air. It was thought that he had pointed the plane tips of his flier toward the earth in an effort to make a landing and in some manner the planes were capsized. He was crushed to death beneath his heavy motor in the fall. The French have been the heaviest losers in life of any of the nations interested in aeronautics. Half a score of daring and temperamental Frenchmen have paid with their lives the penalty for venturing into the sky spaces on frail machines of silk, aluminum and piano wire. The Germans are the next heaviest losers in life and property. The wrecking of the numerous rigid and semi-rigid dirigibles of the Zeppelin and Parseval types has hit hard the backers of the German idea in aeronautics. The casualties for the year 1909 were terminated by the death of the Spanish aviator, Fernandez, at Nice, on December 6. He was a martyr to the idea of lightness in aeroplane construction. His death was undoubtedly caused by trying to fly with a motor that was entirely too light for the strain it had to bear during his determined flights. While sweeping in great circles over the aviation grounds of the French city the tiny motor gave way with a splitting crash. The watchers turned their heads away while the swift fall lasted.

In spite of the warning conveyed in his death, many aviators even yet are sacrificing safety for lightness in their engines. Delagrange, who was killed in the first week of January, 1910, made the opposing mistake of having an engine whose weight was too great for his wing area. His planes were not sufficiently large to bear up under the weight of his heavy motor, when under the strain of full flight. Delagrange was the first aviator to carry a passenger with him in his aerial trips. Mrs. Pettler, the first woman passenger in the history of the aeroplane, made a flight with him in July, 1908.

After the death of Delagrange, the first few months of 1910 were devoid of fatal accidents. Aviation meetings were going on late in the winter in America, southern Europe and in Egypt. It was April in the present year before Le Blon was killed on the Spanish seacoast at San Sebastian. Le Blon was the idol of the more daring aviators. He had attracted international attention by his remarkable flights at Doncaster, England, late in October of the previous year. He had dared the winds to do their worst in a 15-mile flight on October 19, and on the next day he made a trip that all aviators, even his nervous fellow-countrymen, characterized as foolhardy. A great gale blew up out of the Atlantic on the night of October 18, growing steadily worse through the night of the nineteenth. It was the sort that sweeps the "light little island" every autumn, a terrific blow that comes roaring up the channel from the Atlantic, sending fishermen and channel shipping scurrying for shelter in some rock-bound harbor.

In the midst of this great gale the Frenchman announced that he was going to make a flight. In aeronautical records the flight that he made that day is set down as being "a foolhardy flight in a great gale."

The death roll has grown rapidly in this, the summer of 1910. On May 13, Michelin was carried by a strong wind against a derrick, and in the fall that followed sustained injuries that caused his death. Eugene Spier was killed at San Francisco while practising on a "glider." M. Robi met his death in a meet at Stettin. Wachter was killed at Reims. Charles Stewart Rolls, hero of England by reason of his remarkable flight from Dover to Calais and return, was killed at Bournemouth through a rudder of his own invention failing to answer the lever. Kinet, a Belgian, met his death during a recent aviation exhibition in a French town. Eugene Ely, while trying for the third time to make a continuous flight from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie, fell from a height of several hundred feet and was killed.

The dirigibles have been the occasion of nine of the twenty-three deaths of the last two years. On September 25, 1909, the French war balloon, the Republique, on its way to Meudon from the field maneuvers at La Palisse, was destroyed, supposably by a propeller blade breaking off and ripping open the walls of the craft. Four men were killed in the fall of 400 feet, that followed the utter collapse of the dirigible. In the destruction of the Erbslocb, at Leichlingen, Germany, a few days ago, five men, including the inventor, met their doom.

Danger in the Big Hat.

The gigantic hat is still fashionable in London and Paris, despite the ridicule heaped upon it by masculine critics. A London hair specialist now declares that the big hat is dangerous as well as ridiculous, a London letter to the New York Sun says. He warns women that if they persist in wearing big hats they will lose their hair. The specialist said:

"As grass turns yellow under a mushroom, so women's hair will lose its color and deteriorate under the gigantic hats which are now the mode. There is every possibility of the fair sex going bald unless a revolution in hats is effected.

"First of all, these enormous mountains of millinery shut out the health-giving sun and air. Secondly, they present such vast surfaces to the wind that they tug against the detaining hatpins like a kite on a string. For both reasons they injure the hair."

Usefulness Is Better Than Frills.

It is a fine thing to personally train up a boy in the way he should go, and not rely too much on the guidance of higher education. We know a happy father whose 18-year-old son has just given up college in order to devote his time to keeping the family touring car in condition.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Work of the Policewomen of Chicago

CHICAGO.—Much interest has been shown in Chicago's "policewomen," but when they gather on a Friday noon for luncheon at Hull House before entering upon their regular weekly conclave there is nothing to distinguish them from any other earnest working women.

Later on, too, when the hour arrives for afternoon tea, in a large, attractively furnished assembly room, they sit and sip their tea and chat in the manner most highly approved for afternoon teas. Even the presence of two or three brother "cops" does not suffice to create any degree of police-like atmosphere; but then the brother officers, too, are attired in citizens' garb and handle their teacups as though this was their regular occupation.

Each of these women officers has her own precinct which she patrols—though the quiet manner in which she makes her daily rounds of inspection and investigation hardly warrants the use of the technical term. Each has her office and office hours where she may be found and her assistance obtained.

Why policewomen instead of policemen, the visitor starts to ask, but in the very beginning of the reports the question is answered, for the cases reported and discussed are nearly all considered in the light not of how criminals may be punished but how budding criminals may be reached and saved and how those contributing to their delinquency may be punished and prevented from continuing their destructive ways.

This regular salaried, badge provided group of officers, now a year old, is an outgrowth of the juvenile court committee and the Illinois Industrial association before that, when the Illinois juvenile court law went into effect in July, 1899. On June 4, 1909, the committee adopted the name of Juvenile Protective association, which through a series of local protective leagues directed by these salaried officers puts forth its whole efforts to secure the utmost protection for the youth of the city.

Each of the thirteen districts into which the city is divided has its league of citizens, who watch neighborhood conditions and assist in investigating and friendly visiting, but it is the salaried officer in each district who is potent in bringing results. She spends her time trying to prevent "can rushing" and cocaine selling, to keep the children out of disreputable dance halls and photograph galleries and to try in every way to protect and safeguard the child. She may be found at her district office receiving complaints, out on patrol investigating, or visiting or in court seeing whether provisions made there are tending to drag down or lift up the little culprits.

Boston Babies Are Born the Luckiest

BOSTON.—The baby that is born in Buenos Ayres has a better chance of living than if it had been born in any other of the world's large cities. In Amsterdam it would find figures more in its favor; but Amsterdam is not so big a town.

In the United States Boston has been the best place to be born if you want to stand a good chance of living to be at least a year old. In 30 years Boston has not averaged one death out of five babies born during the year.

Back in 1882 it came close to that average when 194 infants less than a year old died in every 1,000. But in 1887 there were less than 190, in 1891 the number went below 180, in 1893 it passed the 170 mark, in 1896 the 160 mark, in 1898 the 150 mark, and in 1909 it sank abruptly to 115 per 1,000.

"New York is making a record it may well be proud of," says the American Baby, "although its starting point in 1900 was at 203. Compare with that the record for 1908, 144, and bear to the babies the message of hope. Philadelphia began in 1900 with 173, diminishing this by 1907 to 159. And western cities, too; St. Louis is very low, and Chicago, admitting herself to be high, is promising important reductions.

In England, as a whole, with Wales included, the infantile mortality rate was 156 per 1,000 births in 1900; that of London, 154; in Scotland the rate ran about 150, and in Ireland a little higher. In the same year in Boston it was 147. In all there are sensible and important gains for the baby.

"In Germany Berlin is down from 220 deaths per 1,000 births in 1899 to 112 in 1907. Vienna from 196 to 144. Budapest from 167 to 155, Cologne from 251 to 195, while in Russia, Moscow has declined in the same years from 319 to 266. In French-speaking countries the news for the baby is most excellent, for Paris in 1899 was really leading the world at only 110, and by 1907 had decreased to 104, with Nice a close second at 118 to 105.

Loaded Cigar Costs Broker $200,000

CHICAGO.—A joke cigar the other day cost a La Salle street broker $200,000. Here is the reason: Two prominent young brokers and men about town have the habit of helping themselves to cigars in each other's vest on every possible occasion. On this particular day No. 1 decided to play a trick on his friend and got a loaded cigar, one of those nice ones that goes off like a roman candle and releases a spring, which breaks the cigar to pieces without injury to the smoker, but much to his surprise and discomfort. He decorated this miniature bomb with a band from a 50-cent cigar of a well-known brand and placed it conspicuously in his vest pocket.

He met his friend in the lobby of the La Salle hotel and, after greeting him, drew back his coat so as to display the cigar to advantage. No. 2 immediately spied the cigar and with a lightning pass, made perfect by long practice, was soon possessor of this tempting bit of tobacco.

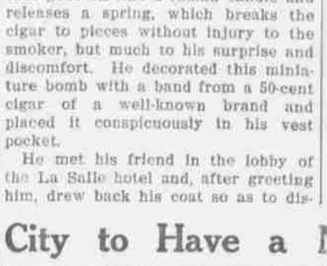
"Ah!" he said, "I see you are smoking better cigars now. I'll smoke this for you later."

Just at this point a man from New York with whom No. 2 had a business deal on involving more than $200,000 joined the group. Shortly the New Yorker and No. 2 excused themselves to No. 1, and strolled away to transact their business.

They seated themselves at one of the tables in the lobby and No. 2 offered the New Yorker his recently acquired cigar. A match was applied in the usual way and the fireworks started. The cigar blew up as per schedule and, incidentally, the $200,000 deal blew up with it.

Now No. 2 is looking for No. 1 with fire in his eye, because No. 1 allowed him not only to "swipe" a cigar, but because he allowed him to present it to his New York associate, whereby he is minus the profits on a big transaction.

City to Have a Municipal Laundry



KANSAS CITY.—If the plans of the park board are carried out, Kansas City will have a municipal laundry, which probably will be the first institution of its kind in the United States. The board plans to build a laundry to be run by the city, where the women of the congested districts can do their washing and ironing under sanitary conditions, and with improved machinery. The park board has been discussing this idea for about three years along with the public bath proposition.

The idea has been suggested to the board and recommended that systems similar to those used in the municipal laundries of Europe be used.

George E. Kessler, landscape architect for the park board, studied the municipal laundries in Europe. He says it would cost about $30,000 to build a bathhouse and laundry according to general plans discussed by the park board.

Almost all the larger cities of Germany and France have the municipal laundries. In Berlin they are kept busy every day and are comforts to thousands of housewives. The laundries open early in the morning and often the women are standing in line with their bundles of clothes. Either they furnish their own soap, bluing and other incidentals, or they are sold them almost at cost by the city. The customers are required to pay for heat, water and light.

The municipal laundry is not a charity scheme and the poor women realize it. In addition to removing a burden from their shoulders a municipal laundry does much toward the prevention of disease. Where now the women often do their washing in dark cellars, a municipal laundry, run with all scientific principles, would prevent disease from spreading by means of clothes.

From Eight to Six.

"Enjoy the days of thy youth," an old codger. "We never lose any of the years that have been added to our ages." "Wrong again, mister," piped the eight-year-old youngster. "I lose two years off my age every time ma takes me on a street car."

Of More Importance.

Scribbles—"I have finished the manuscript of a book entitled 'How to Travel.'" Dribbles—"That's all right as far as it goes, but what you should do now is write a sequel entitled 'How to Get the Money to Travel On.'"

The Gorilla.

Of all the existing man apes the gorilla is beyond question the most formidable, a large male standing not infrequently over five feet six inches in height, and bones being known of one which apparently measured in life no less than six feet two inches, says the London Times.

The Lily as Food.

The lily is extensively eaten in China. Among the edible flowers of the occident, are artichokes, cauliflower, cloves, capers and chrysanthemums

STORIES OF CAMP AND WAR

WHAT HE WAS FISHING FOR

Mystery on Mare Island That Had to Do With Private McCall and the Rain-Barrel.

Captain "Bobs" pushed his chair a little way from the table, stirred his coffee reflectively, and listened to the surgeon and paymaster as they wrangled over a question of international law.

He heard little of their conversation sensibly; but Captain Bobs seldom in his idle moments ever did hear things sensibly.

One word, however, opened the casket of his memory, and soon he had begun his accustomed drawl to attract the attention of all the officers at his end of the table.

"Speaking of fish reminds me of a true story," he began, writes Lieut. Giles Bishop, Jr., in Argosy.

"It was while I was a second lieutenant of marines and stationed at Mare Island that this thing occurred.

"One day, while officer of the guard, I noticed that all the men were shaking hands with Private McCall. I inquired into the cause, and the sergeant told me that McCall had just received a letter from his home in Colorado, saying that a baby named John McCall, Jr., had made its appearance in the household. McCall was joyous all day. The next afternoon he did not go to town on liberty, but roamed aimlessly about the barracks, silent and gloomy.

"He kept this up for two or three days. His behavior, from a military standpoint, was exemplary.

"About a week later the sergeant of the guard came to me as I was sitting in the O. D.'s office writing up my guard report, and asked if he might speak to me about one of the men.

"It was about this same Private McCall. For three days McCall had been seen fishing in the rain barrel at the corner of the guardhouse.

"He held absolutely no conversation with anyone, and ignored all their questions; bore their chaff without resentment.

"Anxious to see this curious freak of the soldiers, I asked if he was fishing at that time, and being assured that such was the case, I sauntered out on the parade.

"Sure enough, there sat McCall, with a slender pole, hook and line attached—fishing.

"I repeated the circumstance to the officer of the day, and together we walked up to the fisherman.

"'What are you doing, McCall?' asked the O. D.

"'Fishing, sir,' was the reply, as the man jumped to attention, and saluted.

"'Well, sir, I thought I might catch

Private McCall Fished in Rain-Barrel.

something. I wouldn't have fished here, sir, if I had thought there'd be any objections.'

"'Oh, no, go ahead and fish, but you won't catch anything,' said the O. D.

"'Thank you, sir. I may,' said McCall, and as we turned away the man solemnly dropped his line overboard again.

"For a week longer the same thing happened. Every idle moment, in spite of the gibes of the men and no success as to fish, Private McCall fished in the rain barrel.

"Finally the matter was reported to the 'kom'; McCall came up for office hours, but the examination elicited nothing beyond the fact that 'he might catch something.'

"A report of the matter was sent to the commandment of the station. A survey was ordered, and the three medical officers on it watched McCall first, and questioned him afterwards.

"They found him sane upon all subjects except this one thing—fishing in the rain barrel.

"Finally they decided to give him a 'disability discharge,' and shortly after it was delivered to him.

"Not a line of McCall's face changed—but putting the paper in his pocket he walked out of the office, and five minutes later we saw him fishing as before.

"When the boat for the mainland left that afternoon, McCall stood on the deck looking at the men who had gathered on the landing to say good-bye. As the steamer shoved off, a broad grin spread over his face, then waiving his discharge in one hand and his hat in the other, he yelled:

"'Good-bye, boys. I'm going home to see the kid. I've been fishing for this for two months. Good-bye.'"

He Wouldn't Stay Bought.

A guest was expected for dinner and Bobby had received five cents as the price of his silence during the meal. He was as quiet as a mouse until, discovering that his favorite dessert was being served, he could no longer curb his enthusiasm. He drew the coin from his pocket, and rolling it across the table, exclaimed: "Here's your nickel, mamma. I'd rather talk."—Success.